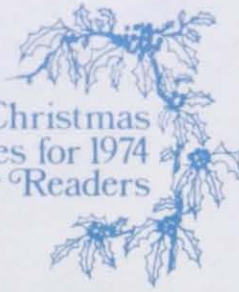


THE PROCESSEANS

HOLIDAY ISSUE • JANUARY 1974

A Merry Christmas
and Best Wishes for 1974
to all our Readers



Sister Pythie and friend
at New York's
DeWitt Nursing Home
For special Christmas
fun offer see 'volunteers'
Page 7

THE TEACHING THE RESCUE

OR ALL BOATS
LEAD TO HOME

Page 4

MENTAL RETARDATION



SOME
RESIDENTS
HAVEN'T HAD
A VISITOR
IN 25 YEARS

WHAT ARE YOU DOING SATURDAY?

WILLOWBROOK PICTURE FEATURE
Page 2

SATAN & WOMEN'S LIB, AHA...!!
MALE MENOPAUSE
UFO UFORIA,
and much much more
all in 'AS IT IS' this month
Page 7

ESPERIMENT

CHECK INTO YOUR ESP
Plus Plus Plus CHECK IT OUT
the GREEKROGRAM

Page 6



The Unity of Christ and Satan is Good News for you. If that conflict can be resolved then yours can be too.



Processseans Brother Tobias, Brother Amos and Sister Adelpa on the famous 'dime' Staten Island Ferry. They're on their way to Willowbrook.

Willowbrook is set in vast and very pleasant grounds. When the weather is fine the residents like to go outside. Most residents suffer from the lethargy of minimally motivated lives and exercise is therefore very important.

The large majority of residents do not initiate activity or contact. Motivation in institutions is always a big problem since a great deal of survival-responsibility is automatically taken away from residents.

The encouragement of a patient and caring teacher can be a new motivation.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING SATURDAY?



Special stimulation is vital for the development of retardates.

These touching pictures show a branch of the Process Church volunteer program in action at Willowbrook State School for the Retarded on Staten Island, New York.

The program is typical of many such being run by Processeans in different parts of the nation. Though directed by a backbone of experienced Process ministers they depend on volunteers—people like you—for much-needed 'person power'.

A wide range of people derive enormous satisfaction from their involvement in these programs.

Institutions like Willowbrook, despite the angels that live in them and the many saints who work in them, can be hell! They can kill the spirit, crush the soul. People who were simply 'slow' as children have been sent to Willowbrook and become more and more entrenched in institutional life and more and more retarded as the years pass. Many of the residents at Willowbrook have never had a visitor!

What are you doing Saturday? ✝



Security. When he came to trust the regular volunteers this man grew more secure and began to put down the doll for short periods and to share his prize possessions—some cut-out magazine pictures—with us.

That's major progress... and experienced staff help newcomers to see the signs.



Brother Elisha uses a picture book to teach the names of objects. His pupil is delighted to discover a hitherto unsuspected talent.

A large number of residents, some of whom have been in for 25 and 30 years, are never visited by their families who cannot handle, for one reason or another, the fact of a retarded son or daughter. The pressure on them is enormous.

Society's rejection of the abnormal is deep and can be vicious. Our ill-treatment of retardates is just one symptom of our lack of respect for human life and dignity. And the sad thing is it's basically a lack of self-respect.

Looking at Willy and Stephen compete for the attention of Sister Kasmira, it's easy to understand how more volunteers are needed. The residents in many respects are like young children and need special one-to-one attention. Often the staff can play only a keep-them-out-of-trouble role; with the number of charges that's as much as many of them have time for.



**Remember:
there are babes
in the woods.**

A poster in the background bears an appropriate unconscious message . . .



**"What are you
doing Saturday?"**

Or Tuesday,
or Thursday or . . .

Brother Amos of the New York Chapter of The Process Church. A veteran of the highly successful Process program at the Fernald State School for the Mentally Retarded at Boston, Brother Amos is in immediate charge of The Church's program at Willowbrook. Check it out with him, phone 212-683-4420—and if you would like to join in, he'll be delighted. So will a lot of folks at Willowbrook.

Similar Process programs operate in a hundred major urban areas. If you want to help with material, or money or—more important—with your time, please contact the Chapter nearest you. Address and phone number on back cover.



Coming back on the ferry: at the end of a satisfying day, Sisters Bethel, Kasmira and Adelpha relax.

THE PROCESSEANS

JANUARY 1974 ISSUE

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'The Processeans' is printed each month simultaneously in New York, Chicago, Toronto, Boston, Miami and New Orleans.

The proof of the pudding,
the old proverb tells us,
is in the eating.

But, although it is wise to judge things by their effects, bear in mind that all things in their right place, and related to positively, will produce good fruits.

So, don't make the mistake of blaming an apple because it isn't an orange, or a fork because it isn't a knife.

CHRIST said:
Love your enemies.

CHRIST's Enemy
was SATAN
and SATAN's Enemy
was CHRIST.

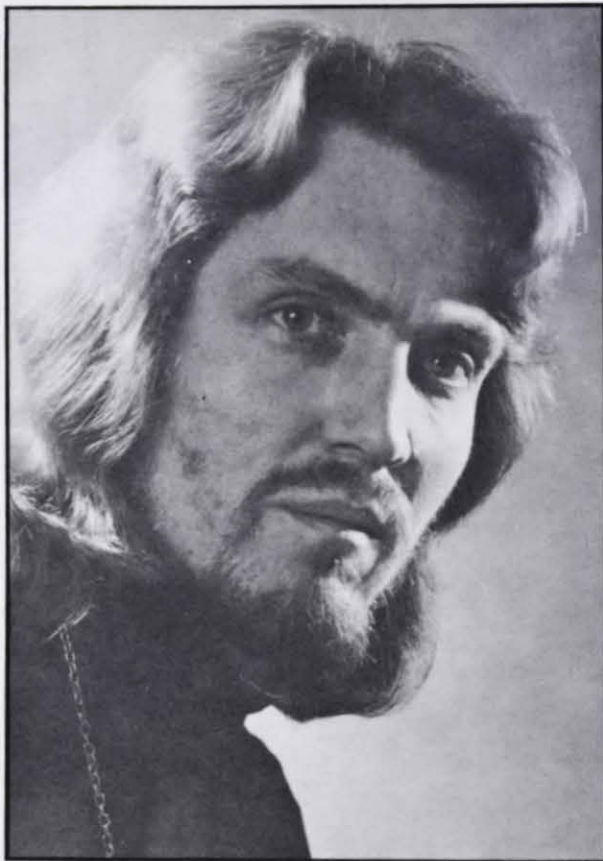
Through Love
enmity is destroyed.
Through Love saint and sinner
destroy the enmity between them.

Through Love CHRIST and SATAN
have destroyed their enmity and
come together for the End;

CHRIST to Judge, SATAN to
execute the Judgement.

The Judgement is WISDOM;
the execution of the Judgement
is LOVE.





THE RESCUE

OR

HORIZON-WATCHING

ALL BOATS LEAD TO HOME

Robert
de Grimston

Founder and Teacher
of The Process

SINKING

The ship was quite definitely sinking, slowly but inevitably.

Some of the passengers had felt it for some time, and said so. But few of the others had believed them.

The Captain had known it, but told no one in the hope that the situation could be righted. The engineers had been working round the clock, but to no avail. The ship continued to sink, gradually but inexorably.

Eventually it became obvious to everyone—almost everyone that is, because there were still some who, despite the clear evidence before them, could not believe that such a thing was possible.

So the Captain ordered that the passengers be collected together, and he spoke to them calmly.

"The ship is sinking," he told them. "But do not panic. There is a rescue ship in the vicinity. When we make contact with it, help will come and everything will be all right."

FACTIONS

At once the passengers began to split into different factions. Some just did not believe him and ignored the whole issue. Some believed him and relaxed, waiting for the rescue ship to be contacted and help to be

brought. Some insisted that there must be some way to prevent the ship from sinking. Some said that everyone should abandon ship and take to the life boats. (The nearest land was several thousand miles away.) Some panicked, and blamed the Captain and the crew and the shipping line and the other passengers, and rushed about the ship in a frenzy.

One group came to the conclusion that if the rescue ship had not already been contacted, then either it did not really exist, or there was something wrong with the ship's radio, and unless that was repaired the rescue ship would never be contacted. So the leader of this group went to the Captain and put this conclusion to him.

The Captain admitted that the radio was not operating properly, but they were hoping to be able to repair it. He had not mentioned this to the passengers for fear of scaring more of them.

Meanwhile the radio technicians were working hard but ineffectively. It seemed that a vital part was missing, and hope of getting the radio to operate again was diminishing hourly.

Eventually the Captain admitted publicly that the rescue ship could not be contacted, and the only hope was that it would find them by chance.

Most of the passengers could still not really believe that all was lost. Some thought they would reach port before the ship sank. Others still thought something could be done to save it; others that the rescue ship was bound to appear and see them; others that another ship or an aeroplane would come by and save them. And to some the whole situation was completely unreal.

But one practice began among the passengers, and gradually more and more people became involved with it. Horizon-watching. Crowds of passengers—and crew—could be seen on the ship's various decks from dawn to dusk, and sometimes all through the night, watching the horizons for a sight of the rescue ship.

Meanwhile the ship continued slowly but steadily to sink.

NORTH

One day a man standing on deck on the starboard side, peering out over the mist-covered sea to the North, cried out: "There it is! The rescue ship! I can see it on the horizon! We're saved!"

Everyone within earshot crowded to the rail. "Yes!" shouted someone else. "I can see it too!" "I can't," said another. "Nor can I," said a third. "I can!" said a fourth. "Look! Over there!"

And very soon there were those who could see the rescue ship and those who could not.

And those who could began to form a group, and plan what they should do.

First they sent a delegation to the Captain. "The radar indicates nothing," he said. "But anyway, all possible signals are being sent out in all directions. So if it's there, it will come."

"But," protested the delegation, "what if it doesn't see the signals and goes away? We must head North at once, and intercept the rescue ship."

"Not until I have a definite indication from the radar that it's there." The Captain was adamant. His direction was Westward.

SOUTH

Meanwhile a cry was heard coming from the port side of the ship. "The rescue ship! There, to the South! We're saved!" And very soon another delegation came to the Captain, insisting that the ship head South. Again the Captain refused.

The two delegations faced each other. There was no point in arguing. One group was convinced that the rescue ship was on the Northern horizon, the other was equally convinced that it was on the Southern horizon. The radar continued to indicate nothing in any direction, and the ship continued to sink.

However of course the groups *did* argue, but only briefly because each had plans to make. Each had decided to take a lifeboat during the night, and head North and South respectively.

But in the meantime there was much canvassing of the other passengers by both groups.

"Are you saved?" the various members would ask, meaning 'Have you seen the rescue ship, and are you therefore going to join

us in the lifeboat?' And heated arguments would often ensue, both between Northerners and Southerners, and between those who were going in one direction or the other, and those who were not planning to leave the ship at all.

And the most vociferous members of the two groups would stand at their respective rails, pointing at the horizons, and trying to persuade the sceptical that the rescue ship was indeed in sight, and only those who joined their respective lifeboat parties were saved.

ESCAPE

That first night a lifeboat left in each direction. Last minute converts hurried to the rails in order to join the departing boats. Members of the crew, and some of the passengers who stayed behind, tried to persuade members of both factions not to leave. Some people were shanghaied into the boats, others were retrieved and locked in their cabins until the boats had gone.

The Captain, discovering the escape plans, tried—not very forcefully for fear of violence—to stop them, pleading with the

leaders to postpone their missions until there was definite news of the rescue ship. But to no avail. The lifeboats departed, heading for opposite horizons.

But still the arguments continued. "We should have stopped them." "No. We were right to let them go." "A party should go after them and try to bring them back." "Maybe one or other of them was right." "Maybe the radar isn't working."

Meanwhile the ship sank gradually lower in the water.

EAST

The next day a third faction arose from a professed sighting from the stern, on the Eastern horizon. And that night another lifeboat departed Eastwards. And yet another left for the North, a new group having become convinced that the Northerners were right.

"We're saved!" they all cried as they rowed away into the darkness.

But of course no one was saved until the rescue ship actually picked him up.

WEST

The sinking ship continued to head Westwards.

"Our only hope is to keep going," said the Captain, without much conviction.

And there was still a group that occupied itself—unsuccessfully—thinking of ways to stop the ship from sinking. And there was yet another that occupied itself—also unsuccessfully—thinking of ways to repair the radio. And there was a third that occupied itself—without really knowing if it was successful or not—thinking of other ways to contact the rescue ship.

Each night one or two and sometimes three more lifeboats left the ship, with their occupants crying out ecstatically that they were saved.

SANK

Finally the ship, which had been losing speed as it sank lower and lower in the water, stopped altogether with the water lapping the rails.

Those who had stayed aboard prepared to take to the remaining lifeboats, not because anyone maintained that he could see the rescue ship, but because soon it

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



THE RESCUE

OR ALL BOATS LEAD TO HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

would be the only means of staying afloat.

And that night the ship sank. Just before it happened, the Captain ordered everyone into the lifeboats, and he himself was the last to step aboard. In a few moments the ship was gone.

Slowly the boats moved onwards, still to the West, but with little hope of rescue. The end had come. And the rescue ship had not.

RESCUE

In the morning the people stared at one another, calmly and without panic or recrimination. These ones had always been calm—if not as adventurous as the others.

Suddenly there was a tentative cry. "I think I can see something ahead of us."

"Oh, no!" said the ultrasceptical. They had heard it all before.

"If anyone says: 'We're saved!' I think I'll lose my temper," said a quiet cynic, who was the least likely of all to lose his temper.

But as the morning mist lifted gently from the sea, a ship—unmistakably—appeared on the horizon, heading Eastwards in their direction. And everyone saw it.

"That's the rescue ship," said the Captain, when it was close enough to identify—and not before. Then a few minutes later he saw the signals, and he said: "They've seen us."

SAVED

When everyone was aboard, the Captain talked to the Commander of the rescue ship, and soon they were heading South.

It did not take long to find the lifeboats also heading South, then the lifeboats heading East, and finally the lifeboats heading North. And the occupants of those other lifeboats were also calm and resigned by the time the rescue ship had reached them.

The Captain called the role of his passengers and crew. There was no one missing. Everyone, without exception, had been saved.

The rescue ship turned Westwards again, and took them all to their final destination.

No one asked the Commander whether he had known they were there or whether he had come upon them by chance. He seemed so completely in control. And by then it no longer mattered anyway.



focus



Photo: Father Malach

A group of lay Processeans, headed by Disciple Brother Robert Miller, (pictured) have just opened a thrift shop in a superb location in Greenwich Village's teeming 4th Street, between 6th and 7th Avenues.

Processeans wishing to start further thrift shops would do well to write



Photo: Brother Eden

Don't the Divine Miss Naomi and our Sister Gaia make a dynamite duo? Puppet shows are five-star entertainment these days in many Chapters.

Brother Robert Miller, The Thrift Shop, 181 4th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014 for some sound advice.

How's Your ESP

A pack of twenty-five well shuffled ESP cards containing five each of the below lies face down on the table. Someone lifts the first card, turns it, looks at it, concentrates on it.

Fifteen seconds later he discards it. He repeats the process every 15 seconds until all 25 cards have been dealt with.

You are in another place, perhaps next door, perhaps thousands of miles away. By concentrating you can pick up his thought projections.

At 6:00 P.M. EST on Jan 1st, Feb 1st, and March 1st 1974, a team of Processeans in New York City will conduct this ESPeriment to discover the different levels of ESP.

What we want you to do is to concentrate with us at the time, mark your sequence, i.e. 'What you got came first, second, etc., up to 25th.' Fill in the details and send them to us.

+	□	☆	~	○

SEND RESULTS TO:
THE PROCESS CHURCH (ESPERIMENT)
130 East 38th Street New York, New York, 10016

The results will be announced later in 'The Processeans'.

Immediately after the 'esperiment' you are invited to stay tuned in for a couple of minutes and we'll say a healing prayer together.

As it is, So be it.

DO THIS GREEROGRAM

AND DISCOVER A PROCESS PRECEPT

FIRST CRACK THESE CLUES AND FILL IN THE ANSWERS.

ANSWERS

CLUES

1. 17 32 20 26 29 What this pigeon sits on when he sings. (5)
2. 2 7 6 19 13 Teeth do this in the Bible. (5)
3. 11 18 3 An Adam and Eve original. (3)
4. 2 5 16 12 14 It may sound good, but in fact it sounds awful. (5)
5. 8 22 30 27 Was he the first man to raise it? (4)
6. 15 9 24 29 "Hello Ma, Alex here." (4)
7. 31 23 10 28 21 For the feeling of suspense, try hanging from one. (5)
8. 25 4 1 29 It may go round and round but it's still mortal. (4)

Precept: Fit the letters from the above answers to the appropriate numbers below to get the Precept.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

Our picture shows Sister Meredith dispensing presents right, left, and center, having edged Santa himself out of the picture. Contact your nearest Process Chapter for the festive season's arrangements this year. Come along and enjoy yourself—and others.

Photo: Father Lucius



Photos: Brother Dorian



When Boston Process Chapter group Rock of Ages played a free concert at the nearby Metropolitan State Hospital for the criminally insane, one of the residents baked this huge angel (or was it devil?) food cake to mark the occasion.

Photo: Joe Manetta



Processean Brother Amos, busy Social Services Coordinator at the New York Chapter, takes time out to boogie with one of the DeWitt Nursing Home residents during a visit there. For a really interesting evening just phone him to volunteer your services and he'll take you along with pleasure. Folks there will like meeting you too.



The November issue of **A.D. Magazine**, official Presbyterian and Church of Christ organ, carries an in-depth report on The Process Church, first in an **A.D.** series on "New" religions. Penned by **James A. Gittings**, it is one of the best researched observations of The Process Church and its development that we have seen.

The writer does not judge, but ends, rather, with Gamaliel's words (Acts 5:38, 39):

"If this plan or this undertaking is of men, it will fail; but if it is of God, you will not be able to overthrow them. You might even be found opposing God!"

Footnote: Gamaliel, of course, was speaking to the hostile council about the Apostles when he made his famous statement!

In the **A.D.** article, theologian Harvey Cox comments on Process theology: "The problem of evil keeps coming back to haunt all liberal theologies. Today its spokespersons wear the cross-and-snake. They embarrass us, because we know they've got something."



As reported in **The Processeans** over a year ago (viz. Nov. '72 Issue) male impotence has really hit town. Now the talk's out about the 'male menopause' and it seems a safe bet that lots of people will 'get' it in '74—now that they have a name for it!

In the midst of the recent so-called UFO euphoria it was reassuring to get at least one accurate report of a definite sighting. Two young California girls saw an object in the sky which sounds to me like a real indisputable UFO: they knew straight away it was one because "it had UFO painted on it".



In 1948 Linda was the most popular girl's name in New York City. In 1972 poor Linda didn't even make the top ten. In fact, **none** of the ten most popular girls' names in '48 made the '72 list. Not so the boys: 7 out of 10 '48 names remain on the list 24 years later.

1948	1972	1948	1972
1. Linda	Jennifer	Robert	Michael
2. Mary	Michelle	John	David
3. Barbara	Lisa	James	Christopher
4. Patricia	Elizabeth	Michael	John
5. Susan	Christine	William	James
6. Kathleen	Maria	Richard	Joseph
7. Carol	Nicole	Joseph	Robert
8. Nancy	Kimberly	Thomas	Anthony
9. Margaret	Denise	Stephen	Richard
10. Diane	Amy	David	Brian

One notes with a wry wince that no less than 5 of the 10 ladies' 'handles' were derived from male names. Another take over bid exposed for the first time in these columns!

Before you tax your issue with a way-out name it is well to remember that people with way-out names—according to a Chicago study—develop psychoses at four times the normal rate!

SOMETHING TO GET YOUR TEETH INTO

What's America's number 1 disease? It's tooth decay! Surprised? Well, one in five American adults, according to statistics published by the ADA, has lost **all** his teeth! Another one in five has lost at least half of them! Americans have at this moment about 1 billion cavities between them—or over an average of 4 per person!

We had to get in a 'laid-end-to-end' statistic here: all these cavities if laid end-to-end would make a hole large enough to house all the out of work dentists in America!

MORMON SUPREMO LASHES SATAN AS SCHEMER BEHIND LADIES' LIB

"Satan and his cohorts are using scientific arguments and nefarious propaganda to lure women away from their primary responsibilities as wives, mothers and homemakers," said Mormon leader N. Eldon Tanner, at a Salt Lake City conference recently—to "grunts of agreement," says one, apparently biased, observer.



Sorry, gave you a bit of a bum steer last time, how about going it alone 'hmm?

so be it

Makachi

THE PROCESS

CHURCH OF THE FINAL JUDGEMENT

For Chapter Addresses See Below.



PROCESS ACTIVITIES

SABBATH ASSEMBLY

ALL WELCOME
TO OUR MAIN RELIGIOUS
SERVICE OF THE WEEK
Saturday
8.00 pm — 9.00 pm (approx)

● CHANT SESSION

An hour of Processean Music.
Tuesday 8.00 pm — 9.00 pm

● PROCESS FORUM

An open forum for Process
Teachings.
Thursday 8.00 pm — 9.00 pm

● PROCESSCENE

Theatre, Music . . . Entertainment
with a difference.
Spontaneous —
check Chapters for details.

● HEALING MEDITATION

Relaxing Healing Meditation with
Music.

Fridays & Saturdays
12.00 am — 12.20 am approx

● FREE SHOP & KITCHEN

For the needy; open to all.
Hot meals. Clothes and footwear —
a big selection. We do our best to
fit you out (free, but any contri-
bution is appreciated).
(Please check times)

● COFFEE HOUSE

Everyone welcome — all on donation.
Tea, coffee etc., light snacks.
Music (much of it live),
& entertainment.
Ambience: relaxed contact.
Monday thru Thursday
1.00 pm — 11.00 pm
Open until 1.00 am on
Friday & Saturday
SUNDAY: CLOSED ALL DAY

**All Process
Activities are
Given on a
Purely
Donation Basis.**

**Give what you want to
give or what you can
afford to give.
If you can't presently
afford anything,
that's fine too,
you're welcome!**

The secret of happiness
lies in making others
happy. The Process
Church runs an every-
day volunteer service involving
many local institutions. You
could be part of that program;
you could help, give, visit,

cheer up, be a friend to some
one who needs that contact —
badly. It's fun, we promise you.

We have a constant need for
our volunteer programs of
material and equipment, new or
used, like clothes, tools, paint,

food, furniture, footwear, cars,
and other vehicles — either
gifts or loans — art materials,
etc. Recycle that bicycle
— or Cadillac.
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO
HELP, either regularly or just
this once, phone us.



Photo: Father March

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All matter is sacred in that it stems from GOD Process Precept